



## About Emme. My childhood friend.



141 3 11

### Chapter 1 by Eversley

I don't think she has even noticed it yet, but Emme has almost become a rusty robot, a soul living in autopilot mode.

A couple of years ago, routine has taken over her life, and her days are boring and passionless. Always the same.

Her biological clock seems to be consistent, because it wakes her up twenty minutes later than the alarm... every day. When she realizes that it is time to go, she tries to get out of bed quickly, but some mornings a zombie could move faster than her. She walks to the bathroom still with eyes half closed, lightly washes her face and ties that long hair into a messy bun.

But let's wait a second... there still is a practical side about her way of living, at least she doesn't need to spend time changing clothes, most days Emme sleeps with them on! *Sigh.*

What follows shouldn't be that hard, right? She only needs to commute to her job at the public library, but Emme always finds herself running after the bus. Even if she walks to the bus stop, while focused on visualizing inside her mind, how the bus arrives with perfect timing after her, it just never works. Luck is simply not on her side.

So our poor little Emme runs, and runs as fast as possible, until she actually reaches that bus, which takes her towards a new day, exactly like the one she had the day before.

Chapter 2 by Salu Savala

See more of Story Wars



Login

or

Create new account

Emme, of course, wasn't a robot. It was just a shell. I told myself, I would think that it was directly my actions that turned her into a shell of a human. The weight of the gun in

my mouth was enough to transform my friend. She wasn't there to see my paint my brains on the wall in back, of course - no one was. But I watched from afar as she spent countless nights thinking about it, all the ways I could have done it, if I was in any pain.

I'm not stupid. I don't think Emme still mourns over me. But my death gave her a certain set of habits she hasn't quite broken out of.

I'm tired of watching. Today is the day I change something for Emme. It's the least I can do...

### Write a draft for chapter 3 of 12 (1 draft)

**i** You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |   

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account